

A TORCHER PUBLICATION

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢
NOV. 64



THE SPACE-SENTINEL
BATTLES **XOG**,
RULER OF SATURN!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



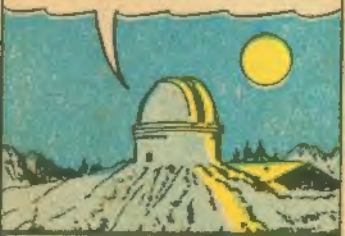
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WAS NO NOVICE TO INTERPLANETARY WARFARE! IN JAGGA, THE SAVAGE PLUTONIAN, HE HAD MET AND CONQUERED ONE OF THE BESTIAL BEINGS OF THE AGE. BUT NOW—ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO THE RINGED PLANET OF SATURN—THE AMERICAN FLYING HERO MEETS A VILLAIN WHOSE MENACE ECLIPSES EVEN THAT OF JAGGA. HE MEETS—

XOG!!



ONE NIGHT, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S GIANT NEVADA TELESCOPE SWINGS ABOUT TO SURVEY THE HEAVENS...

THERE IT IS, ICKY! DON'T YOU SEE... THOSE TUNNELS AND WALLS ARE SIGNS OF ACTIVITY...



YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP! THE TELESCOPE SHOWS CLEARLY THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF LIFE ON...

...ON SATURN! ICKY, THIS DISCOVERY IS OF PRIME IMPORTANCE---



CHUCK RAMSEY ENTERS---

OH, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE. -----IT'S INTERSPACE AIRWAYS CALLING--- THE NEW EXPERIMENTAL OUTFIT WHICH WAS RECENTLY ORGANIZED IN NEW YORK!



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

YES, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT SPEAKING. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, ROGERS?



CAPTAIN, WE NEED YOUR HELP. TWO OF INTERSPACE AIRWAYS' BEST SHIPS HAVE DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY IN OUTER SPACE IN THE VICINITY OF SATURN!



NEAR SATURN? ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN, ROGERS?



POSITIVE, CAPTAIN! YOU SEE, WE GOT REGULAR RADIO REPORTS FROM THE PILOTS UNTIL THEY BEGAN TO PASS THE PLANET. THEN--- NOTHING!

WHAT'S UP, CAP? YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET!

CHUCK, TEN MINUTES AGO ICKY AND I DISCOVERED SIGNS OF LIFE ON SATURN. NOW JIM ROGERS TELLS ME THAT TWO INTERSPACE AIRWAYS SHIPS HAVE DISAPPEARED NEAR IT!



DOES THAT MEAN---

YES, CHUCK! ICKY AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE AN EMERGENCY TRIP... TO SATURN! LUCKILY, THE SPACE SHIP IS READY TO TAKE OFF RIGHT NOW.



GOOD LUCK, CAP!

THANKS, CHUCK. CALL JIM ROGERS FOR ME AND TELL HIM WE'RE ON OUR WAY. AND NOW--- STAND BACK.



OURS PASS...

HOW FAR DO YOU RECKON WE ARE FROM SATURN, CAP?

ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND MILES, ICKY!, BUT AT THE RATE WE'RE TRAVELING, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

LET'S HOPE THAT WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE INTERSPACE SHIPS--- WITHOUT DISAPPEARING OURSELVES!

LOOK, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! COMING AT US... WHAT ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW, ICKY, BUT THE MAN TO FIND OUT---

-- IS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



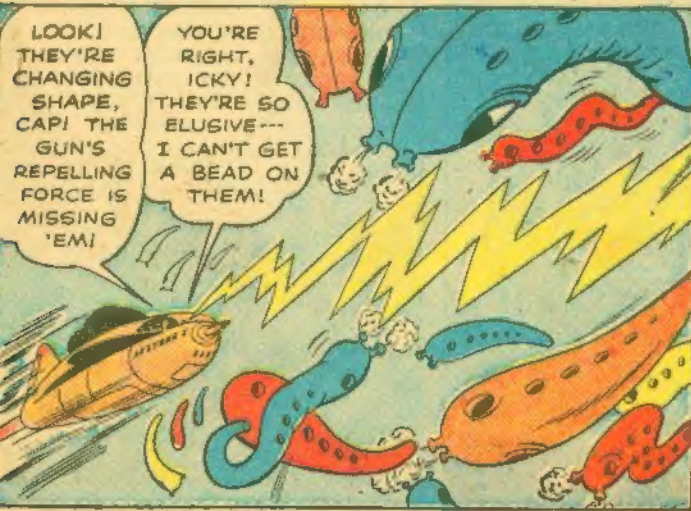
AS ALWAYS, WHEN DANGER THREATENS, ALBRIGHT ASSUMES THE FIGHTING ROLE OF CRIMSON-CLAD CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

WE'LL SEE WHETHER THE ELECTRO-REPEL GUN, WHICH CAN FORCE BACK MOST THREATENING OBJECTS, HAS ANY EFFECT ON THESE BABIES!



LOOK! THEY'RE CHANGING SHAPE, CAP! THE GUN'S REPELLING FORCE IS MISSING 'EM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ICKY! THEY'RE SO ELUSIVE--- I CAN'T GET A BEAD ON THEM!



WE'RE BEING FORCED DOWN TOWARD SATURN! WE'LL CRASH!



DOWN, DOWN HURTTLES MIDNIGHT'S CRAFT---AT THE MERCY OF THE MYSTERIOUS ENEMY. WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF THE TWO AMERICANS?

I---THINK I CAN
PREVENT US FROM
CRASHING BY TURNING
ON THE ANTI-GRAVITY
CONTROLS!



GREAT GOING,
CAP! LANDED
WITHOUT A
SCRATCH! BUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE GRAY
SHIPS?



THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED.
QUICK, ICKY,
TAKE AN
OXY-CAPSULE
AND LET'S
GET OUT!!

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S
OXY-CAPSULE PROVIDES
FLIERS WITH SEVERAL
HOURS SUPPLY OF OXYGEN
FOR INTERPLANETARY
EXPLORATION!



WHAT
NOW,
CAP?

NOW TO FIND OUT
IF WE CAN FIND
ANY TRACE OF
THOSE MISSING
SHIPS OR FLIERS!!!



BUT, AS SUDDENLY AS THE FIRST ATTACK...



CAP! THOSE
CREATURES---
COMING
AT US!

QUICK, ICKY!
USE YOUR GUN!

TOO LATE!

NOT A CHANCE! THESE
SATURNIANS --- OR
WHATEVER THEY ARE ---
ARE TOO FAST! THEY
SEEM TO BE DRAGGING
US...TO THAT HOLE...ON
THE PLANET'S SURFACE!



CAP---
THEY'RE
GOING
TO KILL
US!

THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO, ICKY,
...NOW! HANG
ON AND KEEP
YOUR FINGERS
CROSSED!



LOOK, CAP!
THAT MONSTER!

QUIET,
ICKY
THAT MUST
BE THEIR
CHIEF!

BUT
AS THE
TUNNEL
OPENS
OUT INTO
A WIDE
CHAMBER,
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
AND
ICKY
BEHOLD...

HA!! YOU ARE CLEVER,
EARTHLING! YES, I AM
KING OF THE SATURNIANS!
I AM XOG!!

XOG, EH?
HOW DO
YOU SPEAK
OUR
LANGUAGE?

I LEARNED IT FROM
RADIO WAVES THAT
CAME TO THIS PLANET
FROM EARTH. ALL THINGS
ARE POSSIBLE TO XOG!

AND HOW ABOUT
THOSE WARSHIPS
OF YOURS ----AND
THE SATURNIANS
WHO ATTACKED US?
HOW DID THEY
CHANGE SHAPE?

AH, THAT IS MY
GREAT WEAPON!
ALL SATURNIANS OWE
THEIR LIFE TO THE
GASEOUS RING THAT
SURROUNDS OUR
PLANET...

MY WARSHIPS ---AND MY
WARRIORS ---ARE ALL FORMED
FROM THOSE GASEOUS PARTICLES.
THEY CAN CHANGE SHAPE AT WILL!
AND THEY ARE NUMBERLESS, SINCE
I CAN DRAW AS MANY SATURNIANS
AND WARSHIPS AS I NEED FROM
THE RING!

BUT ENOUGH TALK!
FLING THESE INTRUDERS
INTO A CELL! IT IS
THE ORDER OF XOG!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
WELCOME TO OUR
HOME. IT ISN'T
MUCH---AND WE
DON'T LIKE IT!

SO I CAN SEE!
YOU MEN WERE
FROM THE MISSING
INTERSPACE AIRWAYS
SHIPS...RIGHT?



RIGHT!
WE WERE
CAPTURED
A WEEK
AGO, AND
WE'VE BEEN
HERE
SINCE.

BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
WHY HAS
THIS---THIS
CREATURE
XOG DONE
THIS? WHAT
DOES HE WANT?



WELL, FIRST HE WANTS
US TO EXPERIMENT
ON--- SO HE CAN DISCOVER
WAYS TO ATTACK EARTH
EVENTUALLY--- WITH
THAT FANTASTIC GAS
'RING ARMY OF HIS, HE
PLANS TO RULE THE
UNIVERSE!



RULE THE UNIVERSE!!
MEN, WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM--- BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!



FORTUNATELY, THE
SATURNIANS DIDN'T
SEARCH ME---AND
I CONCEALED SOME
SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT
ON MY SUIT. I'M GOING
TO TRY TO BUILD A
GAS DISINTEGRATOR...
THE ONLY THING I
KNOW OF THAT WILL
WORK AGAINST HIS MEN.

I'LL
WATCH
THE
DOOR,
CAPTAIN!

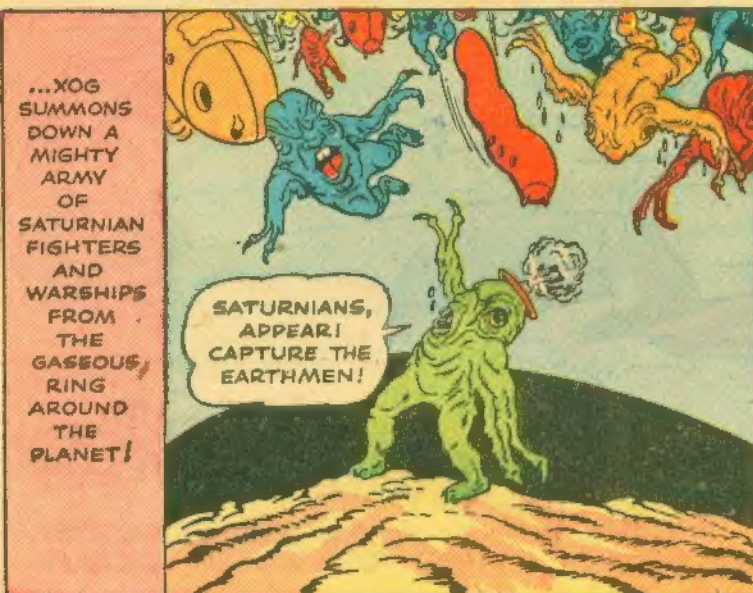


MINUTES, THEN HOURS, DRAG BY...

THERE--- IT'S COMPLETED.
BUT WE WON'T KNOW
IF IT WORKS TILL WE
USE IT...

THAT MAY BE
SOON, CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT. HERE
COME THE
SATURNIANS!

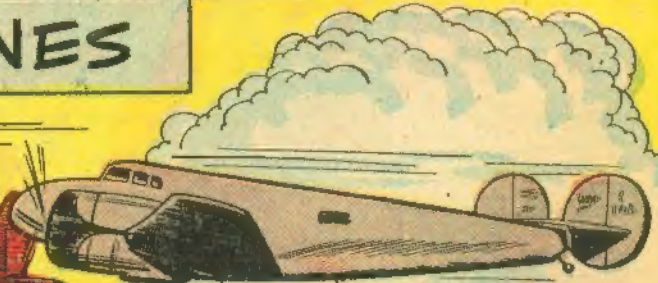
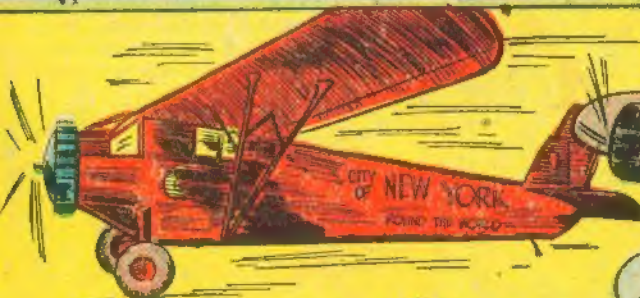






CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS MADE A NEW AND DEADLY ENEMY! DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S EXCITING INTERPLANETARY STORY, FEATURING **XOG---** KING OF SATURN!

FAMOUS PLANES



CITY OF NEW YORK

THE P AND W FAIRCHILD MEARS AND COLLYER USED TO CIRCLE THE WORLD.

FLYING LABORATORY

THE P AND W LOCKHEED EARHART USED TO CIRCLE THE WORLD.



OH BOY!
NOW KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT
GIVES US SWELL Bird Pictures!

You Bet! Everybody's
Collecting 'Em!



LOOK!
I've Saved
Seven already!



These cards are enclosed only in packages of Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.

NO WAITING! NO MONEY OR BOX TOPS TO MAIL! ACTUAL SIZE! ALL IN NATURAL COLORS!

GET THE FULL SET

Beautiful bird pictures! Interesting facts on the back about each bird and its habits! You can collect the whole set of 24 because there's one in every box of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

SAVE 'EM - SWAP 'EM!

Start collecting now! Each card is in bright full color, and just right for carrying in your pocket, for taking to

school and swapping with your friends.

DON'T COST YOU A PENNY EXTRA!

Ask Mother for Kellogg's Shredded Wheat today—only Kellogg's gives you a bird card right inside! And Kellogg's Shredded Wheat really tastes good—MMM! Bet you ask for "seconds"! Remember, more kids eat Kellogg's cereals than any other brand because

Mother Knows *Kellogg's* Best!

P.S.



Get an album for your bird card collection. See side of Shredded Wheat package for special offer.



YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

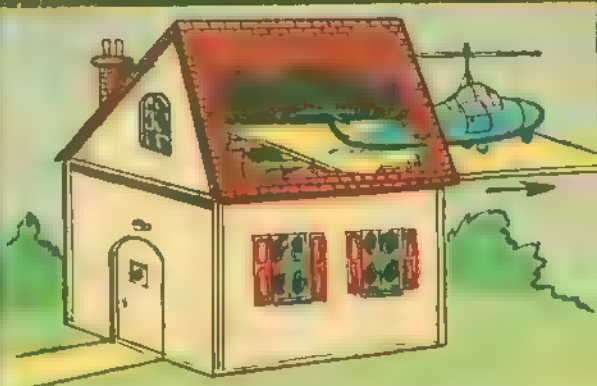
Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



JET SEA-BUS

THIS JET OPERATED SEA VEHICLE MAY BE USED FOR SHORT TRIPS WITH COMFORT, SPEED AND EFFICIENCY BY SEA PASSENGERS.

INVENTOR: W. EIVER BOLAY, JR.
DECATUR, ILL.



HOME HELICOPTER HANGAR

A HOLLOW ROOF WITH A SLIDING LANDING BOARD MAY BE USED TO LAND LAUNCH, AND SHELTER A PRIVATELY OWNED HELICOPTER.

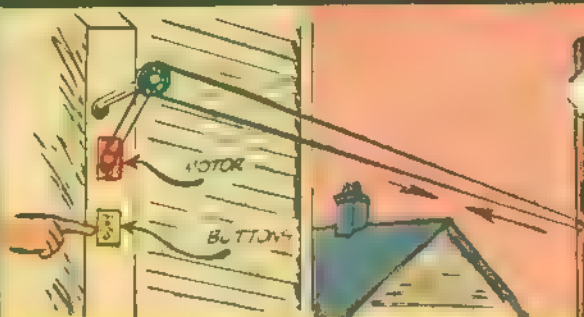
INVENTOR: STANLEY MAZZAS
496 WILLIAMS AVE. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



FRUIT PICKER

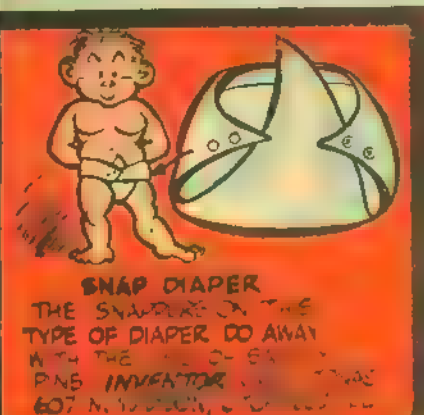
THIS DEVICE ELIMINATES THE NECESSITY OF LADDER CLIMBING. PULLING HANDLE X CAUSES THE CLIPPERS AT Y TO SNAP OFF FRUIT AND FALL INTO NET Z.

INVENTOR: PITT TOMLINSON
738 CONAGGETT AVE.
LAKE WALES, FLA.



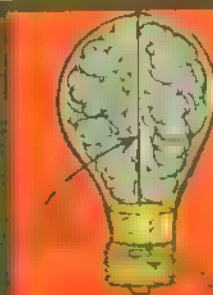
AUTOMATIC CLOTHESLINE

A BUTTON CONTROL WILL TAKE UP OR LET OUT AS MUCH LINE AS NECESSARY TO HANG THE WASH WITHOUT THE USUAL HEAVY ROPE TUGGING. **INVENTOR:** ALFRED SIMMONS,
12 CLIFF STREET COOPER CLIFF ONTARIO CAN.



SNAP DIAPER

THE SNAPPING ON THE TYPE OF DIAPER DO AWAY WITH THE OLD ONE. **INVENTOR:** PINE
607 N. 10th ST., S. D. 57001



2 x 1 FLASKBULB

FLASH IS DIVIDED INTO HALVES BY A METAL DIVIDER. **INVENTOR:** JERRY M. TROTT
1000 S. 10th ST., S. D. 57001

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.

ADVENTURES OF POPSICLE PETE

AT THE
POLICE ACADEMY



GOSH, CAPTAIN. I DIDN'T KNOW POLICEMEN WENT TO SCHOOL.



HA! HA! YOU'D BE SURPRISED, PETE. IT TAKES CLASSWORK AND STRICT TRAINING TO BE A GOOD POLICEMAN.

SAY, YOU REALLY TRAIN LIKE FOOTBALL PLAYERS.



A POLICEMAN'S JOB IS TO PROTECT KIDS AND PEOPLE'S PROPERTY. HE HAS TO BE ALERT AND PHYSICALLY FIT.



YES, WE MEET SOME TOUGH HOMBRES IN THE LINE OF DUTY AND SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO GET ROUGH TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.



WE HAVE TO SHOOT STRAIGHT, TOO, IN CASE THERE'S REAL TROUBLE. BUT WE FIRST TRY TO SETTLE THINGS PEACEFULLY.

GEE, THIS TAKES PRACTICE.



TAKE IT FROM ME, A POLICEMAN IS A KID'S BEST FRIEND. HE'S ON THE JOB DAY AND NIGHT TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND ME.
"Popsicle Pete"

FREE GIFTS FOR BAGS

BUY DELICIOUS

Popsicle

Fudgsicle

CREAMSICLE

DREAMSICLE

Ice Cream ON-A-STICK

"Popsicle Pete" says get

2 CLASSICS
ILLUSTRATED



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| 2. Ivanhoe | 19. Huckleberry Finn |
| 4. The Last of the Mohicans | 23. Oliver Twist |
| 5. Moby Dick | 24. Two Years Before the Mast |
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NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

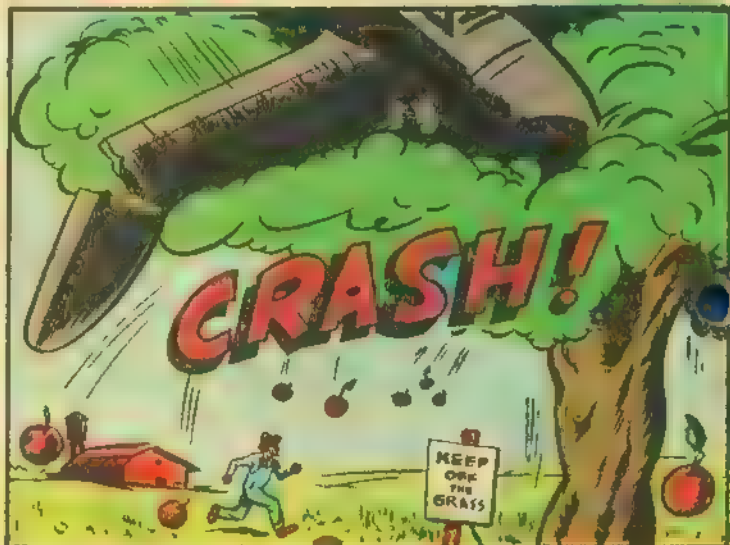
Pilot Pete



KEEP AWAY

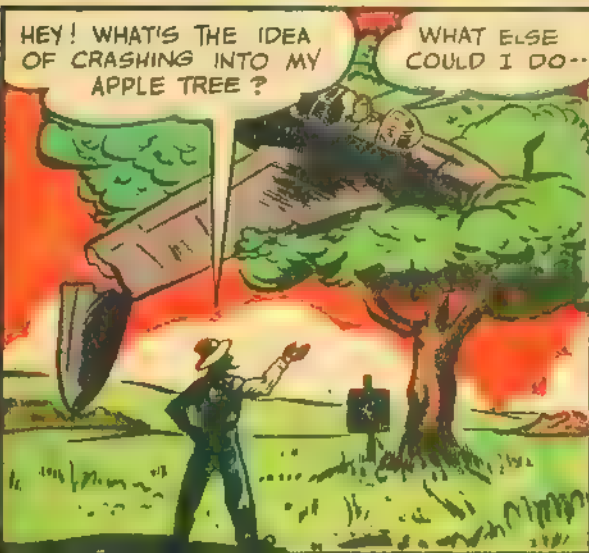


THE PLANE'S GOING INTO A
TAILSPIN! IT'S OUT OF
CONTROL!



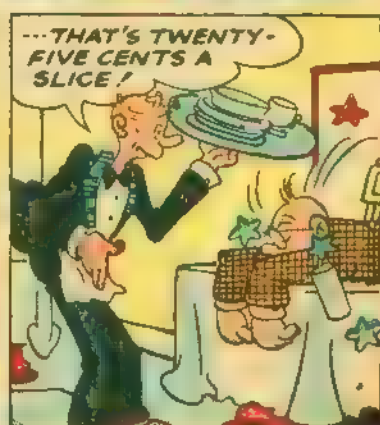
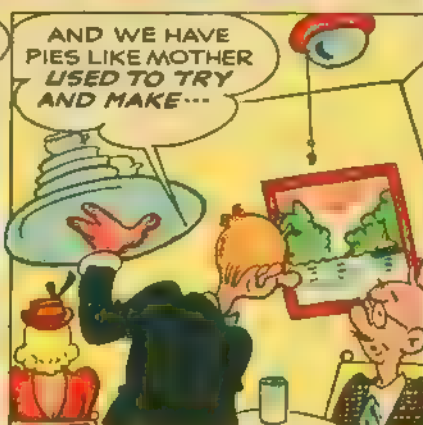
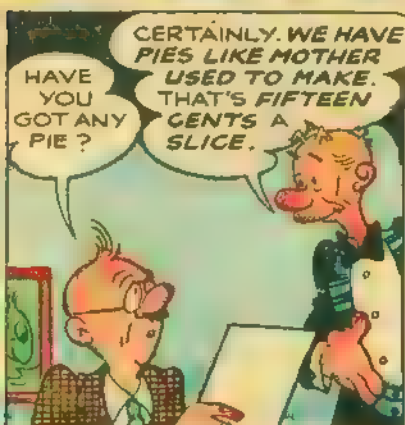
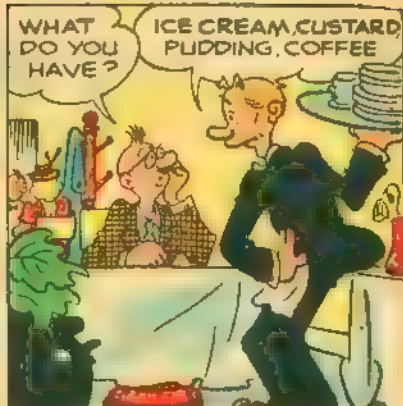
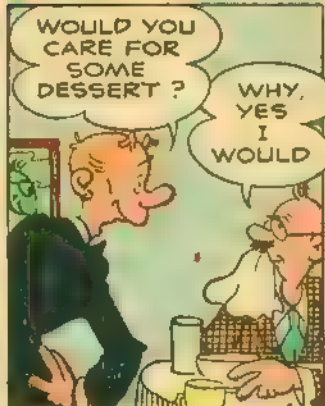
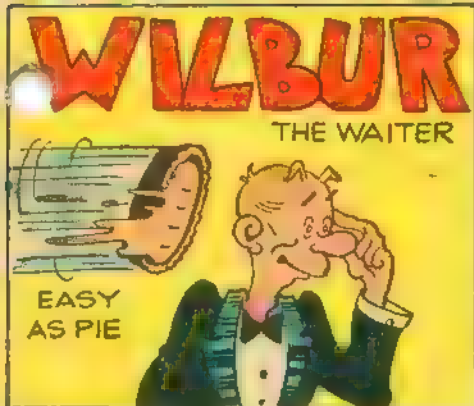
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF CRASHING INTO MY
APPLE TREE?

WHAT ELSE
COULD I DO...

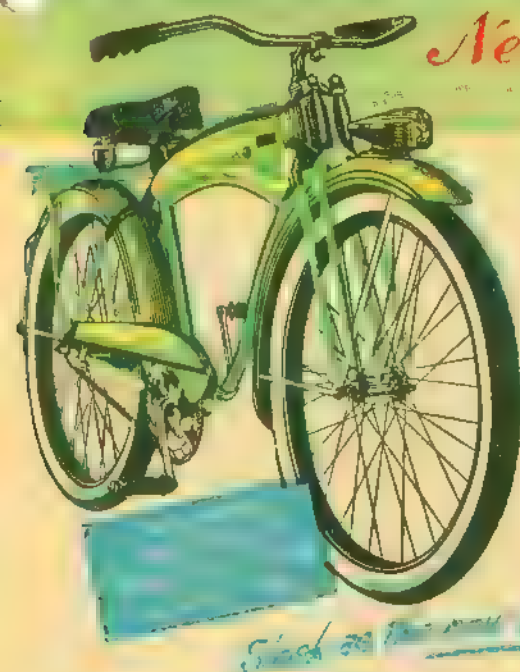


-- YOUR SIGN SAYS
"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"





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"DAKOTA DUEL"

A "Red Skye" Flying Story

By DICK KRAUS

*He didn't know what dangers dwell
In the Vulture's den, but Red felt
He could find out
And set him to rout
Playing the cards the Vultures dealt!*

HIGH ABOVE THE BLACK HILLS of Dakota raced a tiny fighter plane. The man at the controls wore a black leather jacket and helmet. Thick-rimmed goggles hid his eyes, and across his broad shoulders was the dread insignia of the Vulture—the master criminal whose sinister flying army had brought terror to all America! But there was something familiar about this pilot, something about the easy graceful way he handled the controls, the confident lift of his head—something that did not seem to belong to one of the Vulture's minions of death.

Then, as the flier raised his goggles, disclosing a pair of keen blue eyes, the reason became apparent. Though he wore the Vulture's uniform, though he was flying the Vulture's ship, he was none other than Red Skye—the Vulture's greatest enemy!

Now, as Red's sinewy hand spread a topographical map across his knee, the crimson-haired flying ace grinned tightly to himself.

"If anyone had told me last week," Red mused to himself, "that I'd be disguised as one of the Vulture's men, and flying one of his planes to his headquarters in the Black Hills, I'd have told the guy he was hangar-happy!"

It was the kind of thing that couldn't happen; yet it had. Three days before, Red had been flying escort to one of Paul Richard's giant airliners. The transport had been suddenly attacked by a formation of the Vulture's ships—and Red had zoomed into action. Breaking up the attackers, Red had routed them. But as they raced away, one of the Vulture's planes had been crippled by a slug from the red-headed pilot's blazing guns! The plane had been forced to the ground, landing without damage.

The Vulture's flier was captured before he could destroy the plane and escape. Papers in his jacket had revealed the approximate location of the Vulture's Dakota hide-out—and that had given Red the idea that had led to today's fight.

"If we send a whole air army up there,"

he had argued with Colonel Rogers of the Army Air Forces, "he'll spot us long in advance! But if I go up there by myself—disguised as this guy we've captured—it'll be a cinch—"

"... to get yourself killed," the husky Colonel said. "But if you really think you can make this work..."

"I do!"

"... then go to it!" the Colonel grinned. "We'll put the plane in shape fast and fuel it. This flier's outfit should fit you. His papers give his name—Burl Clave—the location of the Vulture's headquarters, and the passwords you'll need to get by the look-outs! From then on, you're on your own!"

THAT WAS THE SETUP! Red knew the approximate spot, within a radius of five miles, where the Vulture's secret hide-out and hangars lay. As the moments flashed by, he spotted the landmark he had been searching for—a mile-long ravine that lay like a great scar against the side of a looming granite mountain. Now it was time for Red to follow the instructions he had found in a secret pocket of Clave's leather jacket.

Red circled slowly above the ravine. The next move was not up to him.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of color at one end of the long jagged gash in the rock. He squinted; it was a man waving signal flags. "Come down," Red said slowly to himself. "But where—where do I land?" Realizing that hesitation would be an instant sign to the lookout that he was an imposter, Red banked his ship down. Almost at the last second he saw it a narrow split in the ravine wall, sheltered from aerial observation by an overhanging rock. And through the split, Red could see a long flat runway—the Vulture's secret landing field!

Acting on sheer reflex, Red twisted the rudder sharply. The plane kicked over on one wing and zoomed through the split. Righting her, Red cut the speed almost to stalling, dropped the plane to the ground and came to land without a jar. Before his props had stopped spinning, Red saw two husky, uniformed guards, carrying carbines, coming toward him.

The crimson-haired flier pulled the goggles down over his eyes, as far as they would go. Slowly, he clambered down out of the

cabin, as the first guard came up to him.

"Name?" the man asked."

"S-22," Red answered indistinctly. "America is ours," he went on. "The Vulture forever!" This was the rest of the password that Clave had carried in his pocket.

The guard nodded, pointed a thumb at a dark recess in the wall next to the landing strip. "Go on in," he said. "Th' chief's waiting."

As he passed through the narrow entrance, Red felt a tingling up and down his spine. Sweat began to break out through the pores of his forehead, and his fingers tightened tensely. It was too easy; what would happen now? As he entered the huge vaulted chamber, Red's eyes swiftly grew accustomed to the dark. There, sitting in rows of benches, were the dark-uniformed pilots of the Vulture. And before them, his harsh features lit by the glow of a guttering torch, was the evil crime-emperor himself!

Red sank to a seat.

But, even as he sat there—all eyes turned in his direction. There was a strange feeling of impending doom in the air. Then the Vulture spoke. "We have a guest," he said. "A guest—whom we have waited long to welcome. He has been kind enough to accept our invitation . . . at last."

The Vulture's harsh voice crackled in a furious command.

"Now—seize him!"

"Did you really think that Burl Clave would have let you capture him?" the Vulture rasped. "He would have crashed first! He was simply an invitation—with his passwords and his plane—for you to come and visit us. To visit us—and die!"

Inwardly Red groaned. How could he had been so stupid—so unsuspecting, as to fall for this plot! But he answered defiantly!

"And did you think," he gasped, "that I'd be sucker enough to come here by myself? Don't be crazy. If you kill me, you'll have a thousand cops on your neck! They're all around outside . . ."

The Vulture shook his head slowly. "No, Skye," he said. "You came by yourself. That's the way you operate. We're finishing you—and then we're getting out of here. It's worth giving up a hide-out for this . . ."

At his signal, two guards moved forward. They leveled guns at Red's recumbent form. The Vulture's eyes glinted fire; his gnarled hand raised in the air, casting a sinister shadow against the wall. "Ready, Skye?" he gloated. "Ready? If you're not, it's—"

"PUT DOWN THE GUNS!" A thunderous voice filled the dark chamber. "Vulture, you and your men are surrounded! Give up peaceably—or you'll all be killed!"

The Vulture whirled. But there was no one to be seen!

"Give up?" The voice was silent for a moment. "All right then—take it!"

Arcing through the narrow entrance came tiny missiles. They fell to the ground, and in a moment were puffing forth gray clouds of biting, acrid gas. The Vulture's men clutched at their smarting eyes, began to choke and retch. "Tear gas!" the mysterious voice boomed forth. "Give up?"

Red crouched low; through streaming eyes, he could barely make out the Vulture standing by the wall. What was the crime chieftain doing? Lifting his hand to a lever in the wall—and then shouting in a voice that sounded like the furious snarl of a jungle beast—"Give up? I'll blow us all to Hades first!"

As the Vulture's hand pulled the lever down, Red snapped into action. Taut muscles responding, he dashed for the door. At the last moment, as he hurtled through in a dive, he heard a thundering concussion behind him; was gripped in the mighty force of a great explosion. The rock walls of the cavern seemed to crack and smash against each other, and the floor came up to meet them in a shattering union. Great clouds of black smoke rumbled forth from the chamber, eddying over Red as he lay outside. . . . Slowly, he became aware of a man standing beside him.

He looked up. It was Colonel Rogers, his face grim and lined.

Red reached up a weak, trembling hand to the officer. "Thanks," he said. "You saved my life."

THE COLONEL GRIPPED his hand.

"We almost had to kill you to do it, Red. The Vulture's plan backfired. He tricked you into coming here, and we sneaked an army up through the hills. When your plane landed, it gave away the exact location of the hide-out. We set up a loudspeaker and tear-gas throwers . . . and you know the rest. But it was the Vulture himself who set off the final explosion. Almost all of his men are dead."

"And the boss himself?"

"We haven't found his body," Rogers answered, "but he couldn't have survived. He must be buried in the ruins—his own victim!"

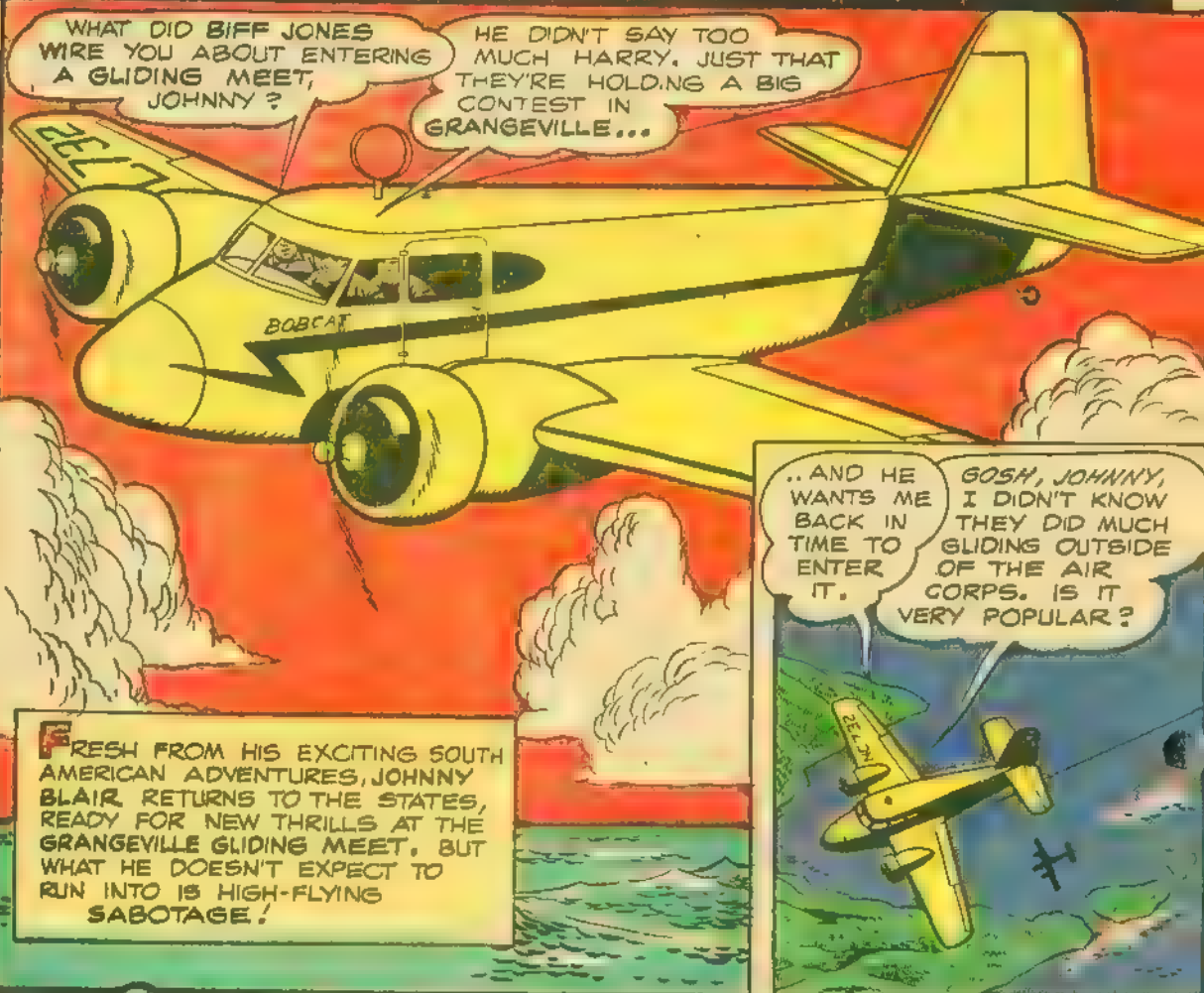
"No . . ." Red shook his head slowly. "It isn't that easy! I've thought the Vulture was killed before this, but he always turned up again." Red's grimy, bleeding jaw set in tight resolve, "I'll believe the Vulture is dead—when I see his lifeless body before me!"

THE END

JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR

WHAT DID BIFF JONES WIRE YOU ABOUT ENTERING A GLIDING MEET, JOHNNY?

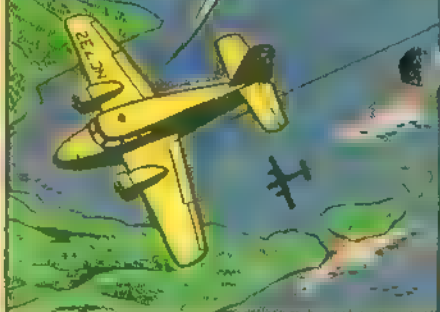
HE DIDN'T SAY TOO MUCH HARRY. JUST THAT THEY'RE HOLDING A BIG CONTEST IN GRANGEVILLE...



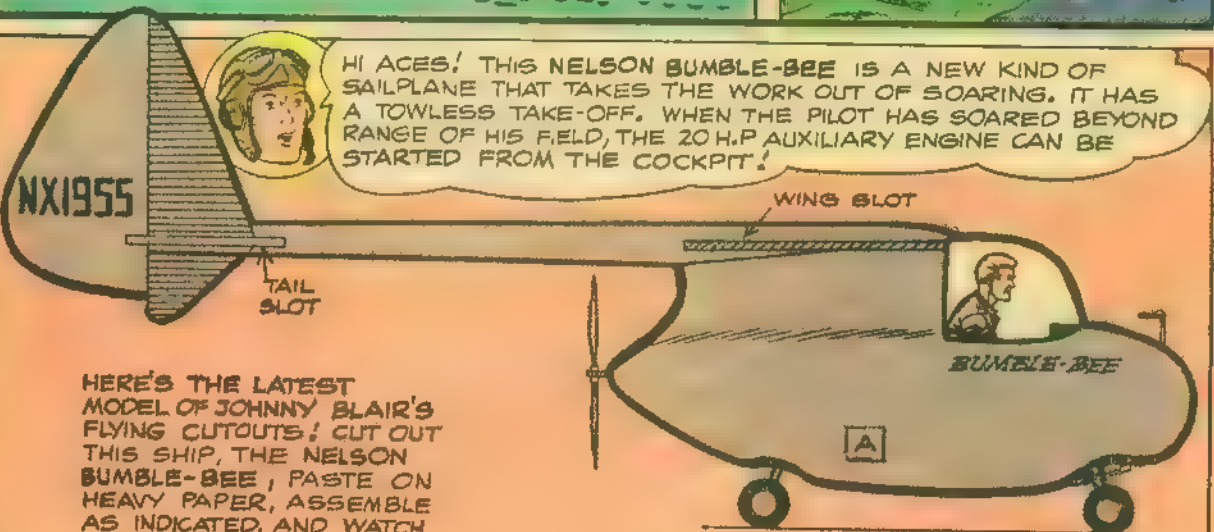
FRESH FROM HIS EXCITING SOUTH AMERICAN ADVENTURES, JOHNNY BLAIR RETURNS TO THE STATES, READY FOR NEW THRILLS AT THE GRANGEVILLE GLIDING MEET. BUT WHAT HE DOESN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO IS HIGH-FLYING SABOTAGE!

.. AND HE WANTS ME BACK IN TIME TO ENTER IT.

GOSH, JOHNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY DID MUCH GLIDING OUTSIDE OF THE AIR CORPS. IS IT VERY POPULAR?



HI ACES! THIS NELSON BUMBLE-BEE IS A NEW KIND OF SAILPLANE THAT TAKES THE WORK OUT OF SOARING. IT HAS A TOWLESS TAKE-OFF. WHEN THE PILOT HAS SOARED BEYOND RANGE OF HIS FELD, THE 20 H.P. AUXILIARY ENGINE CAN BE STARTED FROM THE COCKPIT!

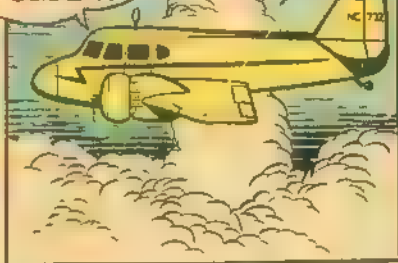


HERE'S THE LATEST MODEL OF JOHNNY BLAIR'S FLYING CUTOUTS! CUT OUT THIS SHIP, THE NELSON BUMBLE-BEE, PASTE ON HEAVY PAPER, ASSEMBLE AS INDICATED, AND WATCH IT GLIDE!

IT SURE IS, HARRY. WHY
SPORT GLIDING AND SOARING
V-1 HEAVIER-THAN-AIR,
ENGINELESS CRAFT IS SO
POPULAR THAT BEFORE THE
WAR THERE WERE 85 GLIDER
CLUBS, IN THE U.S.--AND 15
SOARING SITES!



EVERY YEAR, THEY
HOLD A BIG, NATIONAL
SOARING MEET. OUR
FLIERS LEARNED SO
MUCH ABOUT GLIDING
THAT DURING THE
WAR WE WERE
ABLE TO LAND
A GREAT MANY
INVASION TROOPS
BY TRANSPORT
GLIDER!

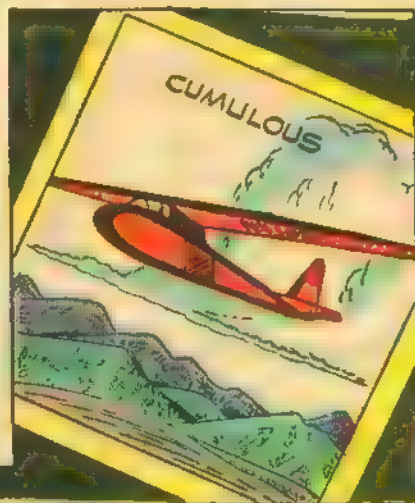
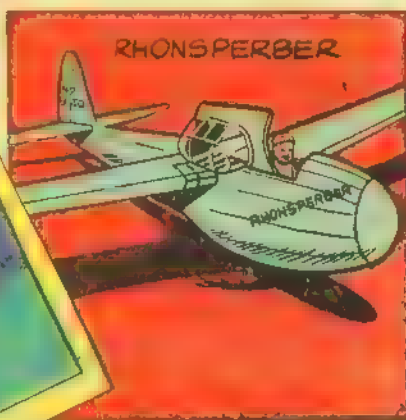


BUT
WHAT
KIND OF
GLIDERS
DO THEY
USE IN
THESE
PRIVATE
MEETS, JOHNNY?

THERE ARE A GREAT
MANY TYPES-- SOME OF
THEM ARMY SURPLUS
TRAINERS. AND A LOT
OF GLIDER PILOTS
BUILD THEIR OWN
SHIPS...

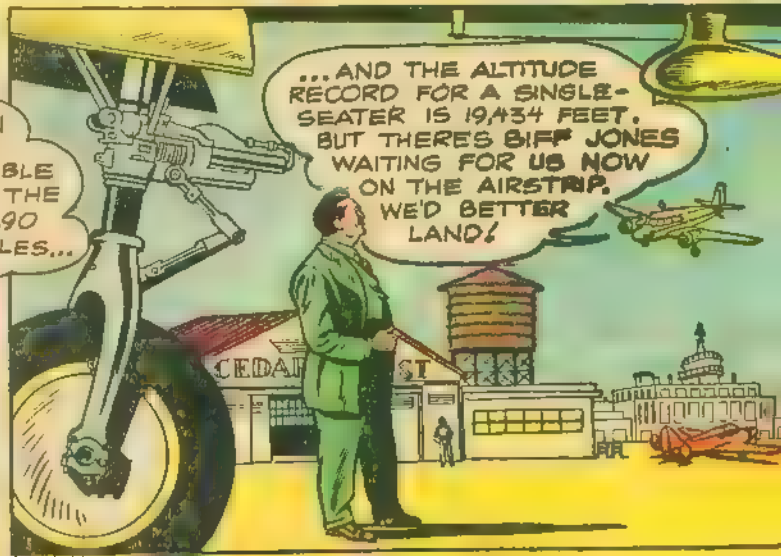


"...SOME OF THE STANDARD ONE AND TWO-MAN MODELS, THOUGH, ARE THE ALBATROSS,
THE CUMULUS AND THE RHONSPERBER..."

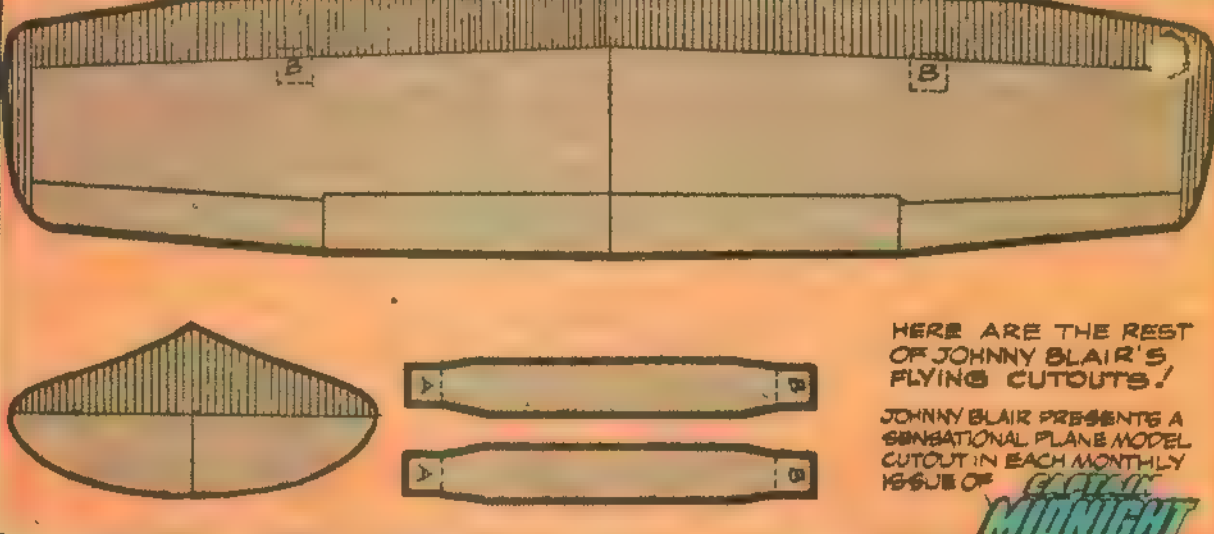


ONCE YOU GET OFF THE
GROUND, JOHNNY, WITH A
TOW-CAR OR PLANE PULLING
YOU, HOW LONG CAN YOU
STAY UP?

IT ALL DEPENDS ON
ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS,
MR. ALSON, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE
TO STAY UP A FEW HOURS. THE
U.S. DISTANCE RECORD IS 290
MILES...



...AND THE ALTITUDE
RECORD FOR A SINGLE-
SEATER IS 19,434 FEET.
BUT THERE'S BIFF JONES
WAITING FOR US NOW
ON THE AIRSTRIP.
WE'D BETTER
LAND!



HERE ARE THE REST
OF JOHNNY BLAIR'S
FLYING CUTOUTS!

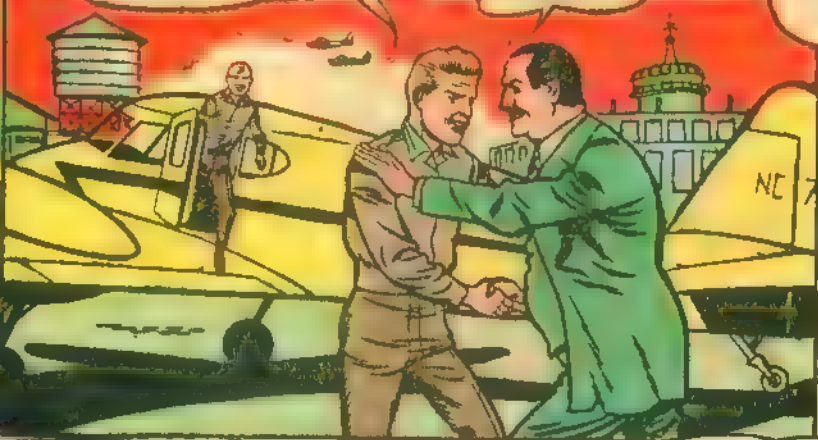
JOHNNY BLAIR PRESENTS A
SENSATIONAL PLANE MODEL
CUTOUT IN EACH MONTHLY
ISSUE OF

**EASTERN
MIDNIGHT**

GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE
YOU, BOSS! NOW—WHAT'S
THIS GLIDING MEET ALL
ABOUT?

WELL, JOHNNY, JIM JEFFERS
OVER IN GRANGEVILLE
S SPONSORING A BIG
MEET...

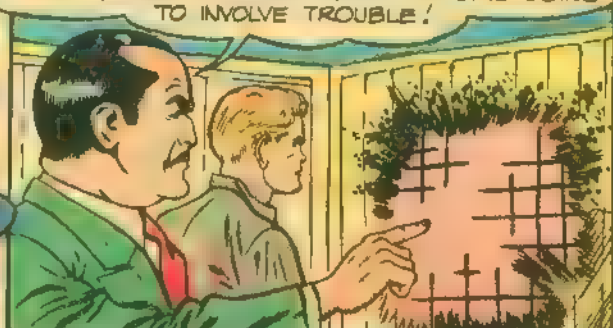
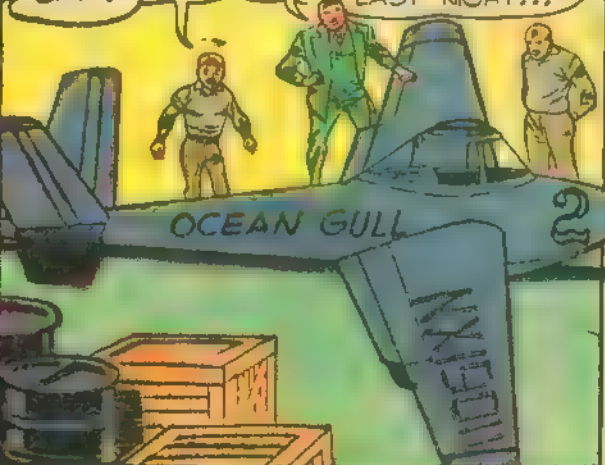
...WITH A GRAND PRIZE
OF \$5,000! I KNEW
YOU'D HAD EXPERIENCE
GLIDING, SO WHILE YOU WERE
AWAY WE DESIGNED AND BUILT
A NEW SHIP—THE OCEAN
GULL!



TH' OCEAN GULL!
GOOD GRAY,
IT'S A BEAUTY,
BIFF!

SOMEONE ELSE MUST
AGREE WITH YOU,
JOHNNY, BECAUSE JUST
LAST NIGHT...

...SOMEONE SET FIRE TO THE HANGAR
WALL. WE GOT TO IT IN TIME, BUT I'VE GOT
A HUNCH THAT, OCEAN GULL OR NO OCEAN
GULL, WINNING THAT \$5,000 PRIZE IS GOING
TO INVOLVE TROUBLE!



TROUBLE? MAYBE—BUT JOHNNY BLAIR
ISN'T THE KIND TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!
LOOK FOR EXCITEMENT WITH A WALLOP
IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF JOHNNY
BLAIR AND THE GLIDER MEET!

OVER HILL AND DALE FLEW "LIGHT FOOT JOHN" AND NOW HE'S CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPION!



For winning cross-country or just jumping fences, there's nothing finer on your feet than Ball-Band Arch-Gard Canvas Sport Shoes. You see, the Arch-Gard Insole is molded of sponge rubber to fit your feet and give you gentle, yet firm and wonderfully comfortable support. And covering this sponge rubber is the famous genuine Ball-Band Sta-Kleen insole that resists sweat and stays clean and fresh. You'll have more fun in any sport in Ball-Band Arch-Gard Shoes!

ARCH-GARD GUARDS YOUR FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS



ARCH-GARD cushions the heel, lessening the shock of landing on hard surfaces.

ARCH-GARD gently but firmly supports the longitudinal arch from the heel to the fore part of the foot.

ARCH-GARD provides a cushion to support the fore part of your foot.

TRADE
MARK



Look for the Red Ball in the Store and on the Sole of the Shoe.

Ball-Band

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLLEN MFG. CO.
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Pilot Pete

NEVER AGAIN

UH, UH, HERE COMES THAT PEST, HORACE! IF HE ASKS ME ANY MORE OF HIS SILLY QUESTIONS, I'LL REALLY PULL HIS LEG!



SAY, PILOT PETE, I MEANT TO ASK YOU THIS FOR A LONG TIME -- DID YOU EVER GO UP IN YOUR PLANE WITHOUT A PARACHUTE?

YES, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET IT AGAIN!

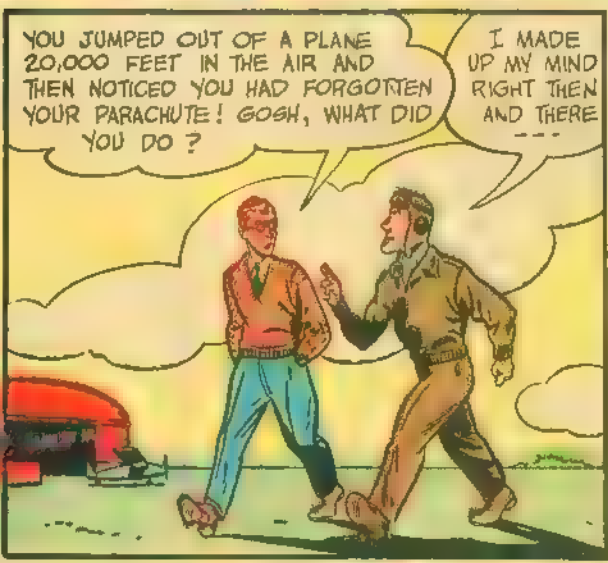


WHY? WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS FLYING AT 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR WHEN MY MOTOR WENT DEAD! I HAD TO PARACHUTE FROM THE PLANE!



I JUMPED, AND AS I WAS DROPPING FAST, I NOTICED ONE THING THAT CHILLED ME TO THE MARROW-- I HAD FORGOTTEN MY PARACHUTE!



YOU JUMPED OUT OF A PLANE 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR AND THEN NOTICED YOU HAD FORGOTTEN YOUR PARACHUTE! GOSH, WHAT DID YOU DO?

I MADE UP MY MIND RIGHT THEN AND THERE --

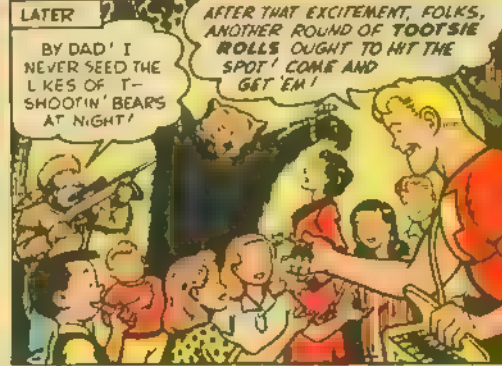
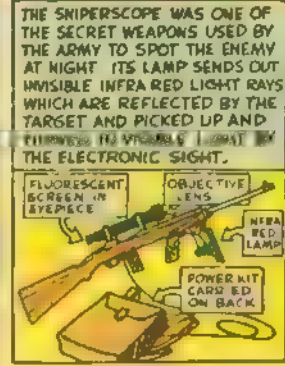
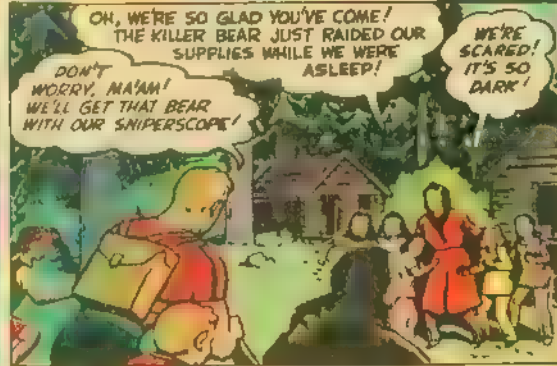
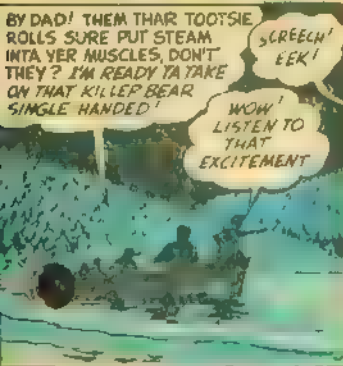
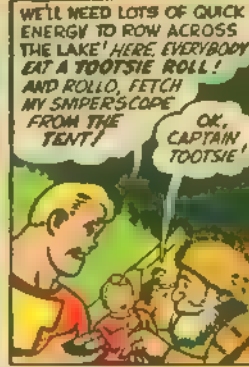
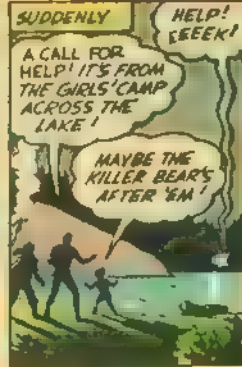
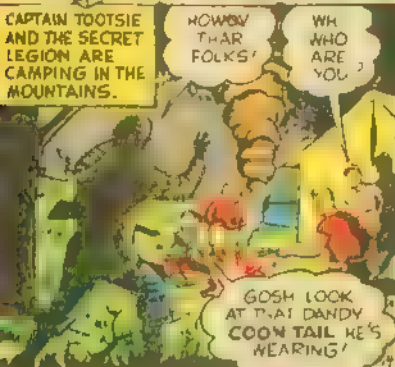


-- NOT TO FORGET IT AGAIN!



TOOTSIE KILLER BEAR

TRADE
WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT



COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS — LOTS OF FUN, KIDS!

GET THIS GENUINE COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!

FOR ONLY **15¢** AND A TOOTSIE ROLL WRAPPER

SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!

Gosh, you'll be some punkins when you get this handsome genuine 'coon tail' for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous happers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart twing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper. RUSH! for as many as you want, but before they're gone! (Don't forget to 15¢ and a wrapper for each 'coon tail.)



TOOTSIE ROLLS
Dept. 103
Box 8, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail. I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

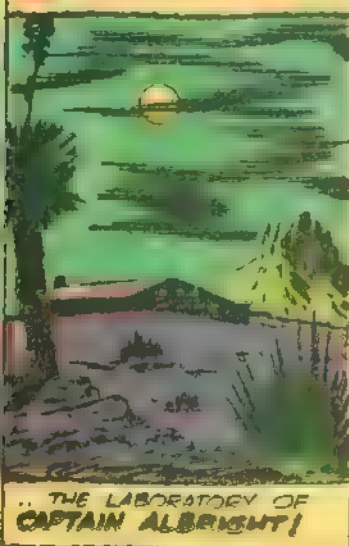
OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1940
SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

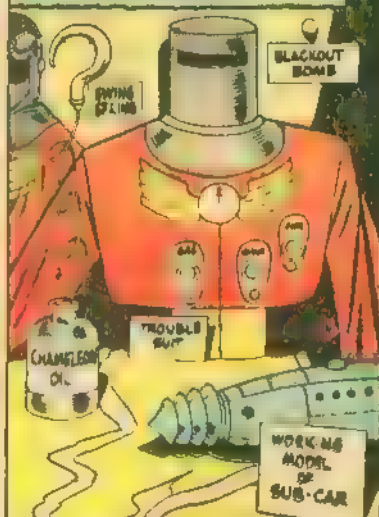
America
in
Peril!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S NAME HAS ALWAYS STOOD FOR UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. BUT SUDDENLY, AMERICA'S FATE HANGS IN THE BALANCE, AS TWO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHTS APPEAR. ONE IS A SAVAGE, POWER-MAD DICTATOR! THE OTHER IS STRUGGLING DESPERATELY TO DEFEAT THE RUTHLESS SCHEMES OF DEMOCRACY'S ENEMY---DR. OSMOSIS! WHICH WILL WIN?

DEEP IN THE NEVADA DESERT IS A FAMED LABORATORY...



ONE ROOM CONTAINS THE MIGHTIEST INVENTIONS KNOWN TO MANKIND!



THIS ROOM IS SO CAREFULLY GUARDED THAT A MOUSE---A FLEA---COULD NOT ENTER! BUT STILL...

THERE'S THE LAB ALL RIGHT! CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS GOING TO HAVE A SURPRISE VISITOR TONIGHT---DR. OSMOSIS!

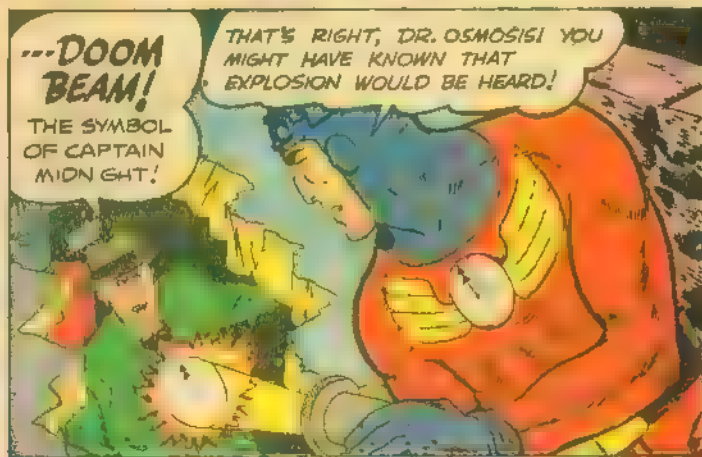
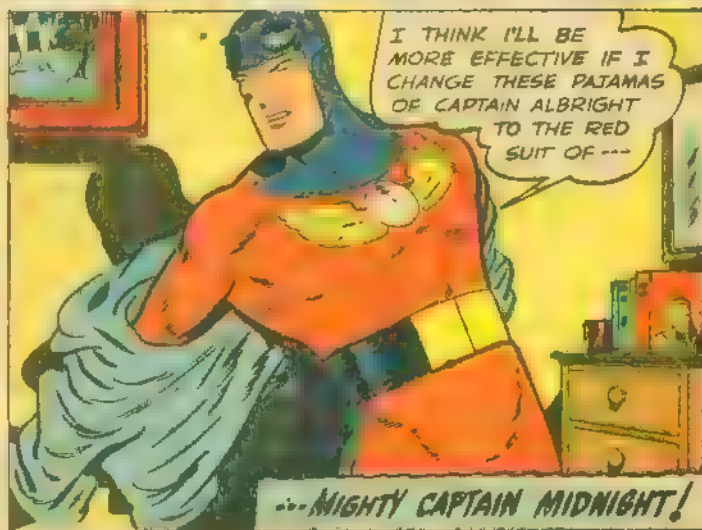
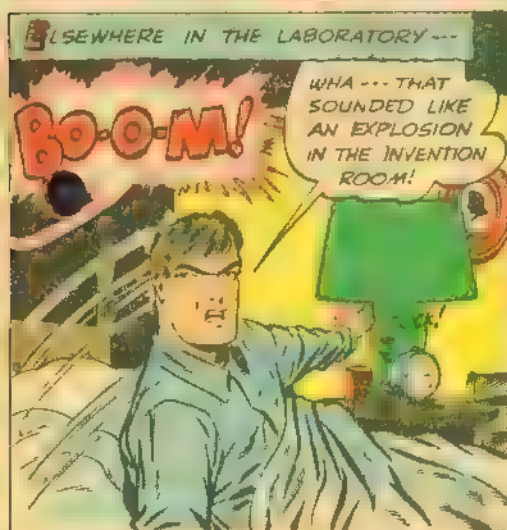


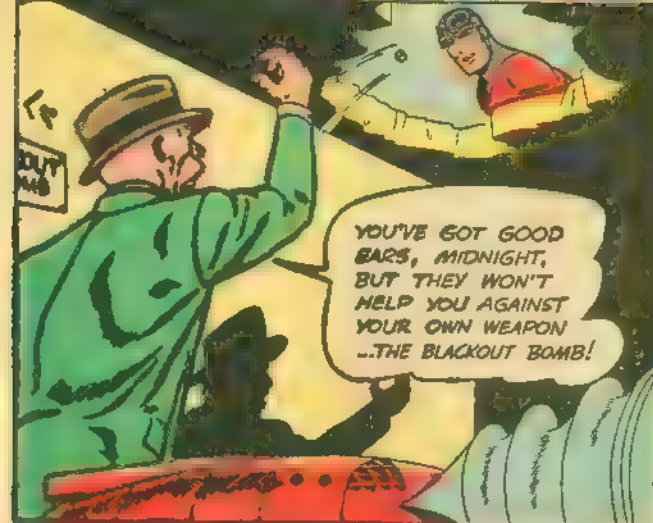
DR. OSMOSIS IS THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
EIGHT AT SLIPPING
PASS, BARRIERS!

FIRST TO CUT THESE
WIRES AND KNOCK OUT
THE LAB'S BURGLER
ALARM SYSTEM... THEN
TO CLIMB TO THE ROOF

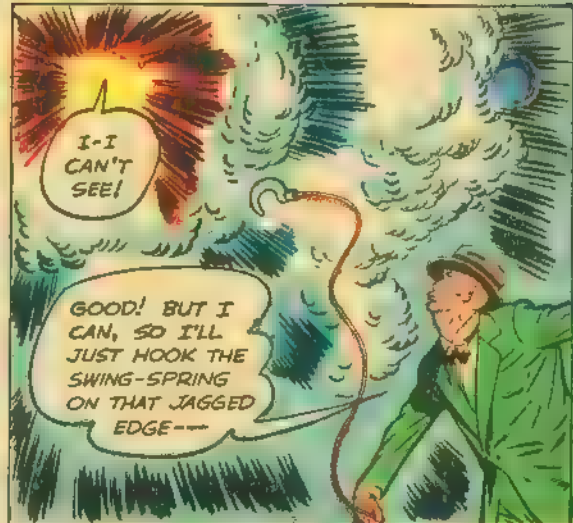
I'VE GOT TO GIVE
ALBRIGHT CREDIT!
THERE'S NOT A CHINK
IN THE ARMOR OF
HIS INVENTION ROOM---

---EXCEPT FOR THIS TINY
AIR VENT. THERE'S A CAP
OVER IT. BUT I'LL REMOVE
THAT, AND SLIP IN THIS VIAL
OF NITROGLYCERINE!



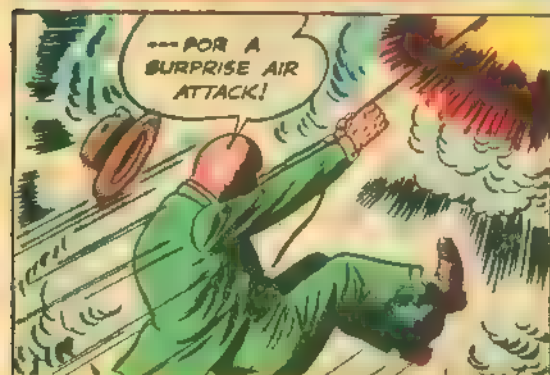


YOU'VE GOT GOOD
BARS, MIDNIGHT,
BUT THEY WON'T
HELP YOU AGAINST
YOUR OWN WEAPON
...THE BLACKOUT BOMB!



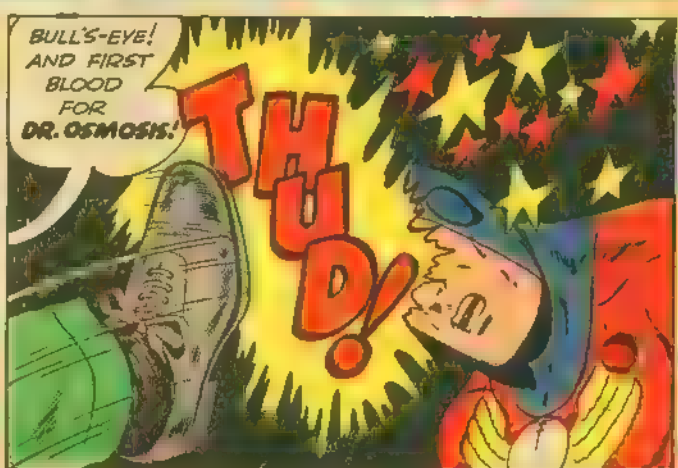
I-I
CAN'T
SEE!

GOOD! BUT I
CAN, SO I'LL
JUST HOOK THE
SWING-SPRING
ON THAT JAGGED
EDGE---



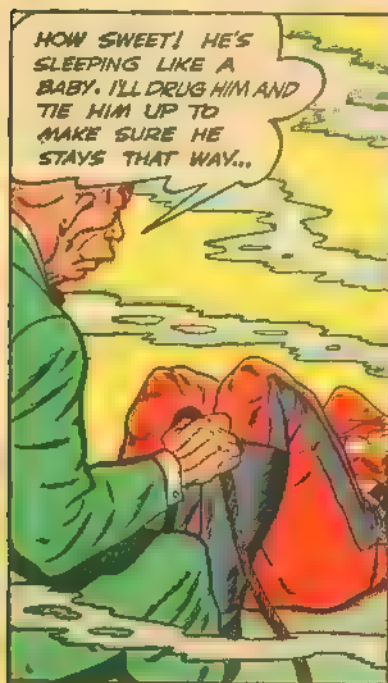
---FOR A
SURPRISE AIR
ATTACK!

THE SWING-SPRING IS A CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT,
STEEL-COILED INVENTION WITH A THOUSAND
MYRIAD USES.



BULL'S-EYE!
AND FIRST
BLOOD
FOR
DR. OSMOSIS!

THUD!



HOW SWEET! HE'S
SLEEPING LIKE A
BABY. I'LL DRUG HIM AND
TIE HIM UP TO
MAKE SURE HE
STAYS THAT WAY...



...AND THEN I'LL
HELP MYSELF TO
SOME CHAMELEON
OIL---THE ORIGINAL
REASON FOR MY
COMING HERE!

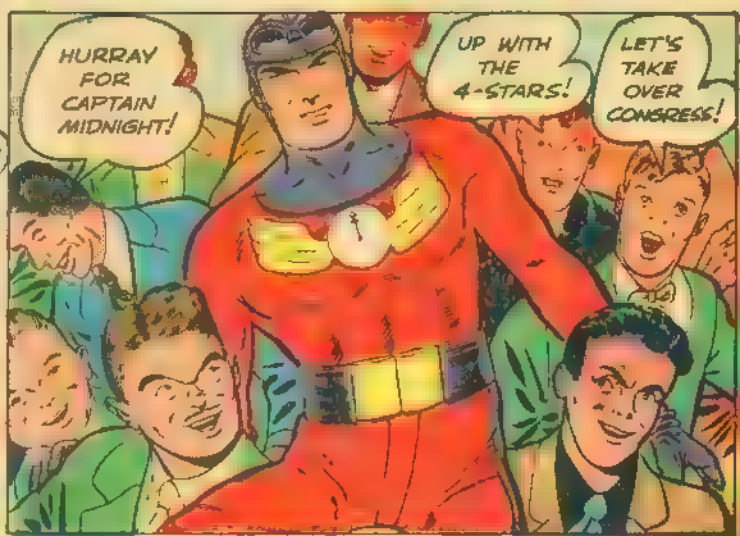
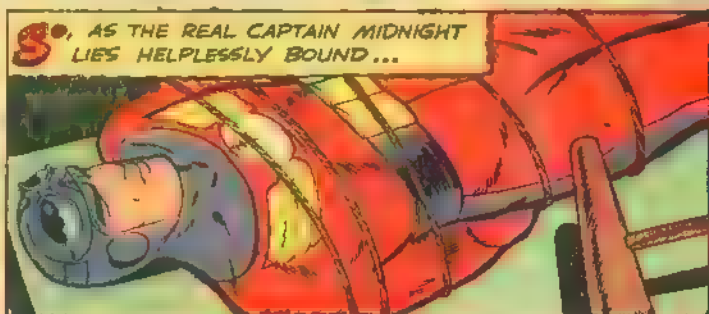
CHAMELEON
OIL



AS I REMEMBER THIS INVENTION,
IT WORKS IMMEDIATELY TO MAKE YOU
RESEMBLE THE PERSON YOU'RE
NEAREST, WHICH WILL BE YOU,
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

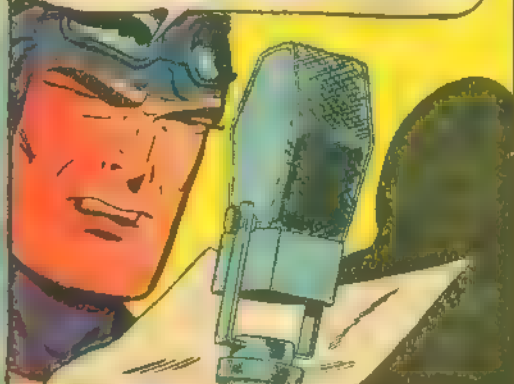
I'LL ALSO
BORROW
ONE OF HIS
UNIFORMS!

CHAM
OIL



IN THE
DAYS TO
COME,
DR. OSMOSIS,
DISGUISED
AS
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT,
LEADS A
WHIRLWIND
CAMPAIGN
FOR
POWER...

ATTENTION, 4-STAR VETERANS!
YOU CANNOT BE STRONG UNLESS
YOU HAVE WEAPONS. GO TO YOUR
LOCAL ARMORIES, TO YOUR POLICE
STATIONS, TO YOUR ARMY CAMPS...



BUT YOU CAN'T
COME IN HERE!
THIS ARMORY IS
CITY PROPERTY!

SEZ YOU!
YOU'VE GOT
GUNS IN THERE
AND WE
WANT THEM!



C'MON, VETS!
LET'S GO!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WAS
RIGHT. NOW THAT WE'VE
GOT GUNS --- WE'VE GOT
THE WHIP HAND!



EVERYWHERE THE STORY IS THE SAME

THIS IS ILLEGAL! YOU
CAN'T TAKE OVER THE
CITY COUNCIL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MAYOR.
IF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SAYS WE
CAN... WE CAN!



AND IN A SMALL STORE .

ALL RIGHT, MISTER!
NOW WILL YOU
CONTRIBUTE TO
THE 4-STARS?

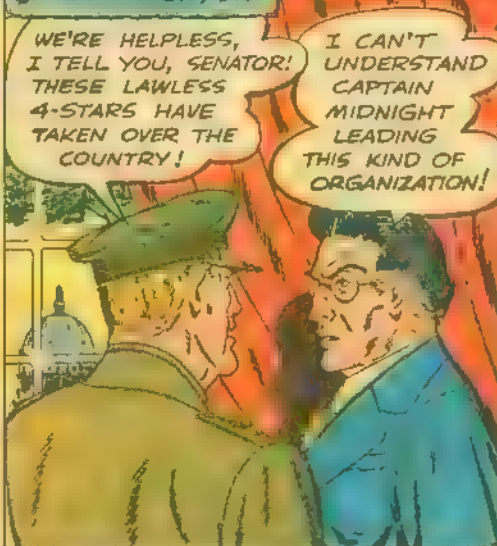
I GUESS...
I'LL HAVE TO...



IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE'RE HELPLESS,
I TELL YOU, SENATOR!
THESE LAWLESS
4-STARS HAVE
TAKEN OVER THE
COUNTRY!

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
LEADING
THIS KIND OF
ORGANIZATION!



THESE 4-STARS ARE
AS BAD AS THE NAZIS
OR FASCISTS, AND
WITH MIDNIGHT
LEADING THEM, THEY
HAVE THE PUBLIC
BEHIND THEM!!

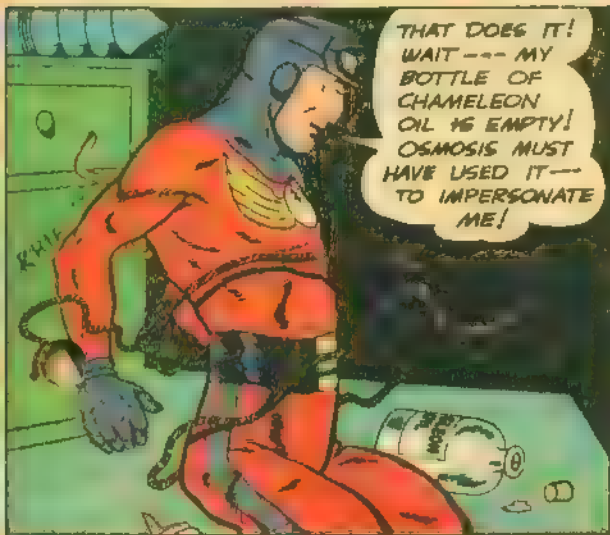


MEANWHILE, IN THE NEVADA LAB...

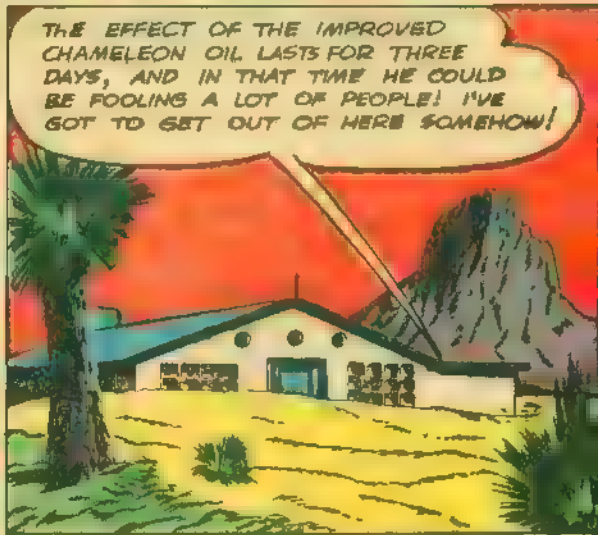
OH MY HEAD!---NOW I REMEMBER....
DR. OSMOSIS KNOCKED ME OUT!
THEN HE MUST HAVE DRUGGED ME!



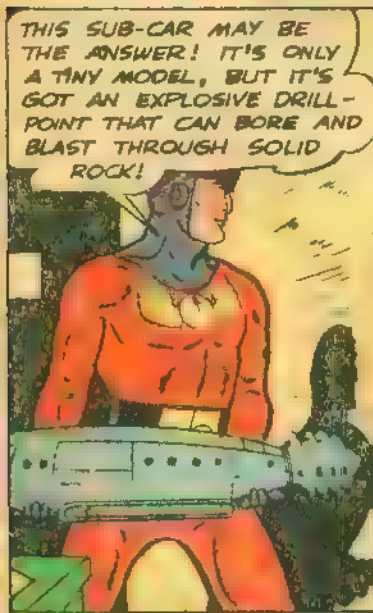
I'M TIED UP LIKE A MUMMY, BUT THE
HEEL KNIFE SHOULD
REACH THESE ROPES!
IT'LL TAKE A BIT
OF STRETCHING---



THAT DOES IT!
WAIT--- MY
BOTTLE OF
CHAMELEON
OIL IS EMPTY!
OSMOSIS MUST
HAVE USED IT---
TO IMPERSONATE
ME!



THE EFFECT OF THE IMPROVED
CHAMELEON OIL LASTS FOR THREE
DAYS, AND IN THAT TIME HE COULD
BE FOOLING A LOT OF PEOPLE! I'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW!



THIS SUB-CAR MAY BE
THE ANSWER! IT'S ONLY
A TINY MODEL, BUT IT'S
GOT AN EXPLOSIVE DRILL-
POINT THAT CAN BORE AND
BLAST THROUGH SOLID
ROCK!



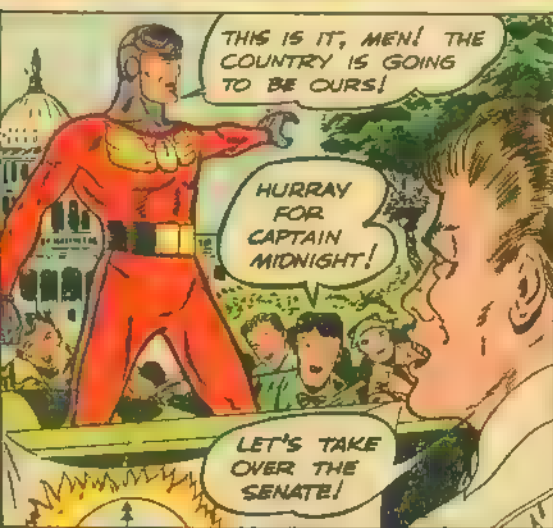
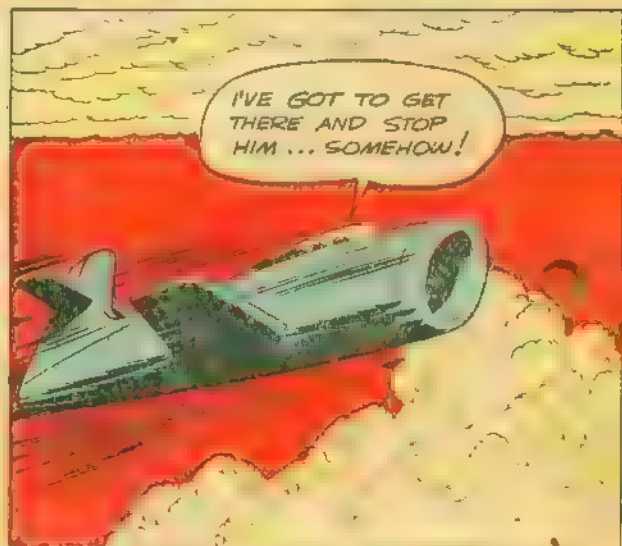
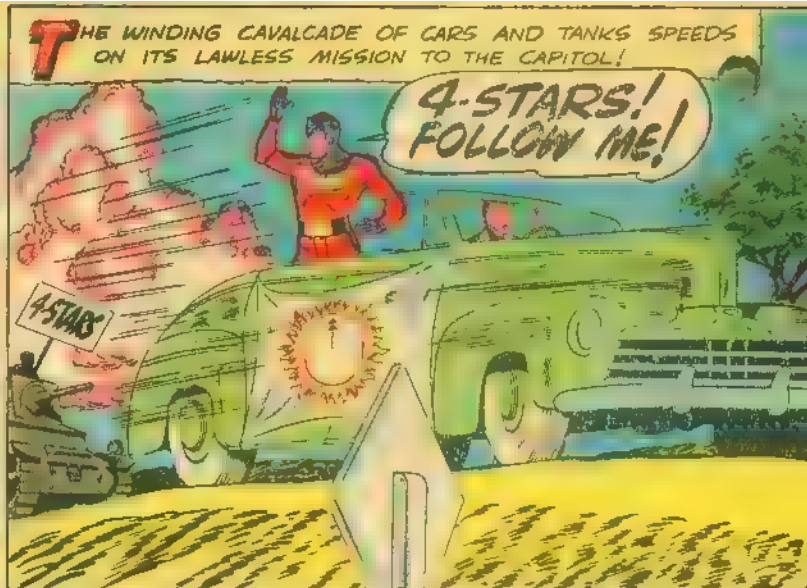
GOT TO HURRY!
THERE'S NO
TELLING WHAT
DR. OSMOSIS MAY
BE UP TO...

RAA-TAT-TAT!



NO TELLING INDEED WHAT THE
SYNTHETIC CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
MAY BE UP TO! ... MEANWHILE---

4-STAR OF AMERICA! ---
HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS FROM
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! WE ARE
MARCHING ON WASHINGTON TO
TAKE OVER THE GOVERNMENT!





WAIT!...

I'LL GET HIM!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S GLIDER-CHUTE ENABLES HIM TO WAFT EARTHWARD!



...WAIT! LOOK AT YOUR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



HUH?

HIS FACE IS CHANGING!

HE ISN'T CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AT ALL!

THE EFFECT OF THE CHAMELEON OIL WEARS OFF IN THREE DAYS ---



THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S DR. OSMOSIS --- DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE ME!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU ESCAPED FROM THAT ROOM, MIDNIGHT, BUT THIS TIME I'LL PUT YOU WHERE YOU'LL NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN--



IN A COFFIN!

BANG! BANG!



2-1-1-1-NNNG!
2-1-1-1-NNNG-6-66G!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, DR. OSMOSIS---



--- OR I'LL DO THIS!

AAGHH!

WHAM!



OZZIE



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in



Follow the daffy adventures
of the DIZZY, DATIN', DUO
OZZIE and BABS

in

WOW
COMICS

every month
and in their own magazine



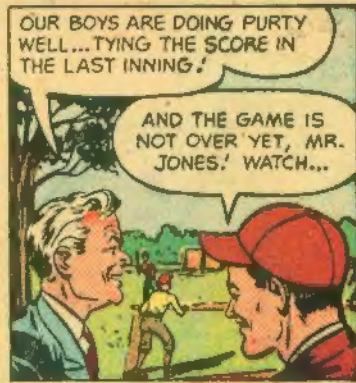
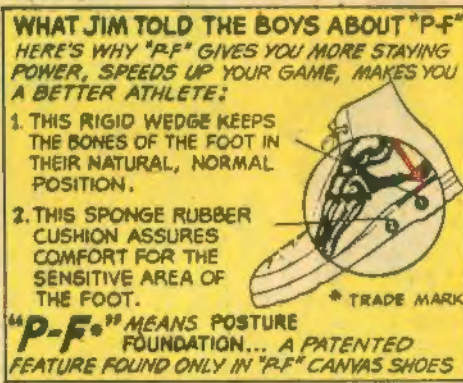
Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard

BABS



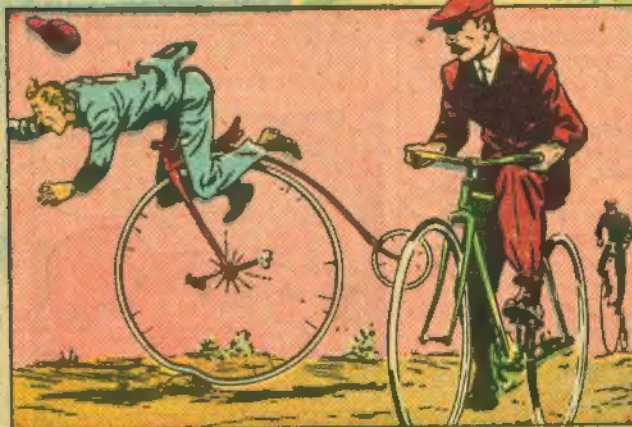
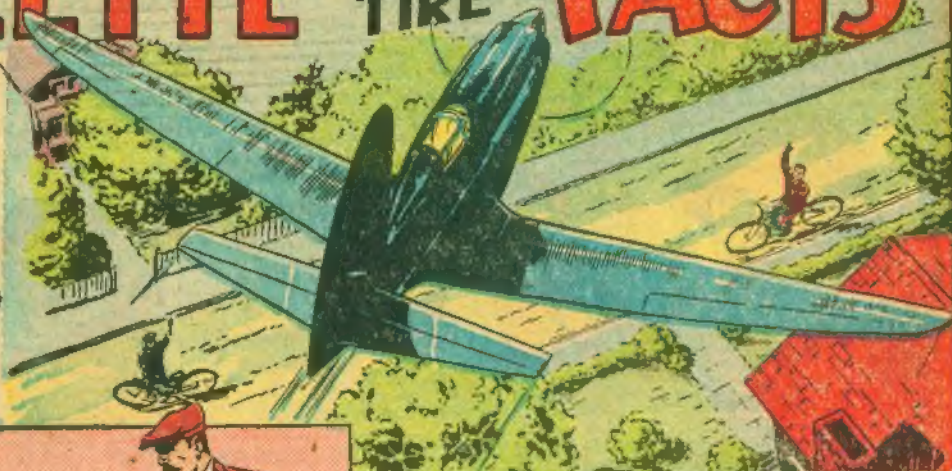
The SECRET THAT SAVED The SANDLOT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



GILLETTE BIKE TIRE FACTS

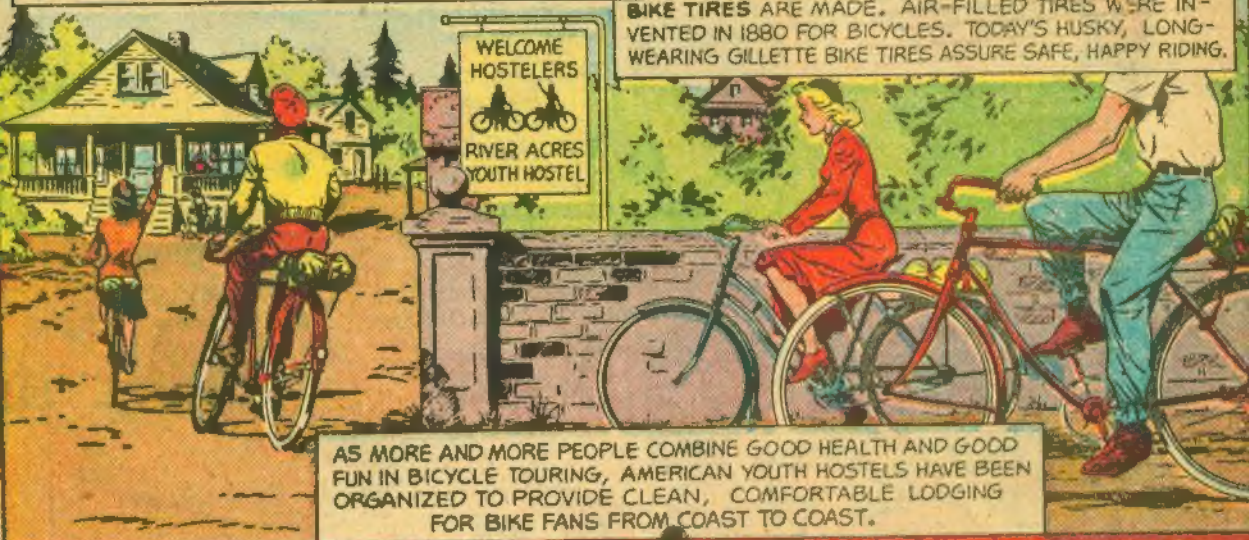
YOUR BIKE IS "BLOOD-BROTHER" TO THE MODERN AIRPLANE! THE HOLLOW TUBING WHICH GIVES STRENGTH AND LIGHTNESS IN PLANE DESIGN WAS FIRST DEVELOPED FOR BICYCLES. AND -REMEMBER- THE WRIGHT BROTHERS WERE BICYCLE BUILDERS BEFORE THEY BUILT THEIR FIRST "FLYING MACHINE!"



THE BICYCLE OF TODAY, WITH TWO WHEELS OF EQUAL SIZE, WAS A GREAT INNOVATION WHEN INVENTED. IT WAS CALLED A "SAFETY" BICYCLE BECAUSE IT DID AWAY WITH THE DANGER OF FALLING OVER THE HIGH FRONT WHEEL OF THE "ORDINARY" BIKE.



MILKY WHITE LIQUID, DRAWN FROM TROPICAL TREES, IS THE RAW MATERIAL FROM WHICH YOUR GILLETTE BIKE TIRES ARE MADE. AIR-FILLED TIRES WERE INVENTED IN 1880 FOR BICYCLES. TODAY'S HUSKY, LONG-WEARING GILLETTE BIKE TIRES ASSURE SAFE, HAPPY RIDING.



AS MORE AND MORE PEOPLE COMBINE GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD FUN IN BICYCLE TOURING, AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS HAVE BEEN ORGANIZED TO PROVIDE CLEAN, COMFORTABLE LODGING FOR BIKE FANS FROM COAST TO COAST.

GILLETTE



Bicycle Tires